

Good Morning 274

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

The Submarine Stoker who became textile Boss

THIS is the story of an ex-submariner; he was a stoker. Now he is owner and general manager of a North London textile factory.

This is how it came about:

George Scott is the name—Chief Stoker George Scott; and in the early thirties he handed in his uniform.

After seventeen years in submarines he went home as George Scott, Esquire. He neither saluted on his way home, nor did he put his kitbag in the corner when he got there.

He walked the streets of his home town thinking about the future. He didn't dare look back just then; seventeen years is a long time, and memories at that time would bring sorrow that it was all ended. Anyway, he hadn't got a job. He was an ex-serviceman with a small pension.

He made a resolution that day. He vowed that he wasn't going to lose by the years he had given the country; on the contrary, he was going to capitalise them.

He went to London and talked his way into one of the leading knitwear factories. He had been a stoker, and had some idea of what made the wheels turn round. He stayed late at night and stripped the giant machines, and put them together again in time for the day shift next morning.

He learned all about them, and became chief engineer. He turned his attention to production and studied textiles and related finance. He became production manager, too.

He became king-pin, and had he been satisfied, would have had a lucrative job for life. But not for George Scott!

He resigned. He walked out, and said to his friends, "I'm going to be my own master. I'm starting to-morrow."

He rented a shed and borrowed a set of trestles and some planks from a builder, and bought a pair of tailor's scissors, and said, "This is Scott's knitwear factory." That was in 1936.

Mrs. Florrie Maulkerson joined the firm and taught the boss to sew and cut. Florrie took over production, and he went to the Midlands to buy material. To complete orders he frequently made the trip in a day, and they worked all night to produce the complete order for the following day. When that was paid for, he was able to buy more material to undertake more orders.

The days were long and hard and the market was hard to find for a one-man, one-woman business. The year passed and they started the new year with fresh hope.

Two or three extra hands were taken on, and later sewing machines were hired. Two years later extensions were added. More machines were hired and more staff taken on. The word was getting round that Scott's goods were good, and orders were getting more frequent.

The war came, and at that time the factory was turning out ten thousand dozen pairs of underwear per week. By this time every unit of the plant was fully paid for; orders were piled up, and the staff number 100.

In 1944 the factory is equally busy; the most up-to-date knitwear machines in the world are producing every day miles and miles of underwear material; electric machines make the button-holes and sew on the buttons.

By Ron Richards



The factory is lit with anti-glare bulbs to protect the eyes of the employees; there is a social club, and Florrie is Welfare Officer; she organises parties and entertainment for troops stationed nearby, and parcels for the relatives of employees.

That is how it came about, and if you ask George Scott how he did it he will say:

"My Naval training helped. It was a bit rough at times—I was let down often, but no day was too long. Any of the boys serving now can do it if they make up their minds nothing can stop them."

Ex-Stoker Scott adds these words: "If you're going to do something, then do it. Take the blows on the chin and hit back. If I can help you, let me know."



A.B. Frank Collum—Mother's

Baking's Delicious

BY jove, A.B. Frank Collum, we agree with you when you say that your mother is good at baking cakes.

We called on her the other day just in the middle of her baking at 76 Brook Street, Preston, Lancs. A large fruit cake was just coming out of the oven, and its fragrance filled the little kitchen which you know so well.

Then a jam roll came out, followed by another fruit cake, and our mouths really began to water in earnest. Your mother must have seen the look on our faces, because she took a knife and cut us two large pieces. They were simply delicious, Frank; to us it tasted like pre-war.

But it's hardly fair to tell you all about it when you won't get the chance of tasting for yourself, so we will change the subject.

Morna, your cousin, is getting married to Harry Cutler, and they have already bought a house at Barrowford Nelson.

Remember Freddie Duckworth? He was at home on leave, and had brought a girl

THERE is—or at any rate there used to be, and it is still there for all I know—a female figure in Tussaud's wax-work exhibition, that fetched people more than any other. It is, or was, the figure representing Kate Webster; and the name of Kate Webster means the Richmond murder of 1879.

Rather a masculine woman in appearance was Kate in the flesh when she became a general servant to little, fragile, somewhat cantankerous, Mrs. Thomas, of No. 2 Vine Cottages, Park Road, Richmond, during the last week in January of that year.

Mrs. Thomas had had trouble with her servants. She was known to hold the opinion that it was nearly impossible to get the ideal servant, and she had had many. She accepted Kate Webster on a month's trial because a friend had suggested Kate's name as a possible.

Kate had a little son, born in 1874, who was kept mainly by a friend when Kate went out to work. Kate had Irish blood in her, a hot temper, and when her tongue was loosed she could match any Billingsgate expert in vituperation. But if she forgot one thing that led her to the gallows, she kept completely secret the name of the father of her son. Nobody else ever knew that name.

The job with Mrs. Thomas did not turn out a success. Mrs. Thomas was aged about 60, and lived on a small income, but she was not easy to get on with. She nagged and constantly found fault with her servants, but her home was tidy and clean, with everything in its place. And Mrs. Thomas was a "religious" person. She went to church regularly, and was pleased when she met the vicar; prim, precise, traditional, she was.

Owing to the conditions of No. 2 Vine Cottages there was constant friction between Kate Webster and Mrs. Thomas, and at last it was arranged that Kate should

leave on February 28th. During the final days Kate neglected her work more than ever, and even came back after her time off smelling of drink.

But when her time was almost up she asked Mrs. Thomas if she could stay two days beyond the agreed date of parting. This she was allowed to do. On the Sunday morning Mrs. Thomas went to church as usual and Kate had the afternoon off, during which time she went to call on a friend in Hammersmith. She came back on time and Mrs. Thomas went off to church.

Mrs. Thomas was seen entering her home that evening by Miss Ives, who lived in No. 1 and owned the two houses. It was noticed by others at church that Mrs. Thomas seemed to be somewhat agitated during the service, and Miss Ives thought, too, that she was "excited" when she returned. This fact came out later; but the main fact is that Mrs. Thomas was never seen again after entering her home that evening.

Miss Ives thought she heard that evening the noise of something falling in Mrs. Thomas's house, "as if a heavy chair had been thrown down"; but she paid no particular attention to it, and next morning she saw Kate Webster, singing and whistling, hang out some washing on a clothes line in the back garden.

For the next day or two Kate carried on as usual, and visited friends at Hammersmith again, a Mr. and Mrs. Porter. They noticed that she was decked out in a good gown and wore a gold watch, and had some rings of considerable worth.

She told them she had married and that her husband had died suddenly and left her well off, with a house at Richmond. To celebrate, she took Mr. Porter and his fifteen-year-old son Robert to a local pub, where they had a few drinks.

Then Kate suggested that Robert should go with her to her house at Richmond and help her to deliver a box somewhere. Kate was then carrying a large handbag, which she said she would hand to another friend who was expecting her; and she left the pub and was gone a little while. When she returned she had delivered her handbag.

Young Robert Porter returned with her to Richmond, and from the house in Park Road he helped Kate with a big box down to Richmond Bridge. By this time it was late at night, and Kate told Robert that a friend would be

kept busy with it, and we don't wonder at it when she has a family to look after as well. The family haven't complained as yet, so she must be doing all right.

At a guess, we would say that the kitchen was looking pretty well the same as when you went away. Tibby was dozing lazily in the easy chair, giving a contented snore now and then to let us know that all was well.

The sewing machine is standing in the same old place by the window, heavily burdened with young Ivy's books and Kenneth's tools. Father's collars were drying on the oven door, and two of Irene's dresses were hanging on the wall, waiting to be ironed for a dance.

Irene and Kenneth went to the Queen's Hall at Christmas; they had a grand time, and only wished that you had been there to share it with them; but when you do come, they are determined to make up for it. All at home send their love. Good Hunting!

Stuart Martin tells what Criminal forgot

She Boiled Mistress in Copper!

along soon to take delivery of the box, so if he walked on she would "make up on him" in a few minutes.

It was all very strange, but the youth had had some drink, and so had Kate. Anyway, Kate sat down on a seat on the bridge and Robert walked on.

He had reached the end of the bridge when he heard a splash in the river; and soon afterwards Kate appeared, telling him that her friend had got the box; and she suggested that as it was late Robert should return with her to No. 2 Vine Cottages.

They made their way back, and Robert had a "shake-down" of a bed in the parlour.

Next movement in the drama is the arrival of a furniture van to take away the goods from No. 2 Vine Cottages. Kate told her friends that she was going to sell up everything which had been left to her by her "dead husband."

But Miss Vine, watching from behind her curtains, intervened. She came out and told Kate that, as she was owner of No. 2, and as there was rent owing, the goods were not to be removed. And she asked where was Mrs. Thomas; one of the men engaged on the job replied, "Missus Thomas? Why, that's Missus Thomas! Can't you see?"

He was pointing to Kate Webster.

"That is not Mrs. Thomas," retorted Miss Vine, "and I shall make strict inquiry into this." She went back into her house and watched again from behind the curtains.

The vanmen were uneasy, and to make matters worse from their point of view, Kate Webster, with a parcel of clothing under her arm, went off and left the van and everybody. She took a cab and drove off. She was traced to a public-house in Hammersmith, called elsewhere for her small son, and then disappeared.

A day or so later a driver of a coal cart on the Putney side of Barnes Bridge, at eight o'clock in the morning, saw a large box which had floated ashore on the tide. He went down to investigate. The box was roped, and the carter dragged it to firm ground.

But he couldn't open it in the ordinary way, so he took a kick at the rotting sides. The wood crumbled under his kick—and he saw, inside, certain gruesome contents, including bits of human flesh.

The police took up the story. There had been, in the meantime, inquiries going on at Richmond as a result of Miss Vine's observations. The house at No. 2 Vine Cottages was entered by the police.

It was a dreadful revelation they met. Charred human bones were found in the kitchen range. The kitchen table had been used to dismember a body, and washing had not eliminated the stains. Kate Webster had used the copper in which to boil portions of the body. It was a horrible business.

It was found that the head of Mrs. Thomas had been carried by Kate in the handbag which she had "given to a friend." In reality, what she had done was to throw the handbag over a bridge into the river.

Robert Porter told his story of the box which Kate had thrown over Richmond Bridge; and it was this box the coal carter had found.

But where was Kate Webster? She was discovered all right and arrested, and appeared on a murder charge. At first she denied the crime, and accused young Porter's father, but she was found guilty when the case was thrashed

out in the Old Bailey. She was sentenced to death.

On the eve of her execution there was another statement made by her. "I did not murder Mrs. Thomas," she wrote, in her confession, "with premeditation. I was enraged and in a passion, and I cannot recollect now why I did it; something seemed to seize me at the time. I threw her down the stairs in the heat of passion and a strong impulse. . . . She had a heavy fall. I felt she was seriously injured and I became agitated, lost all control of myself, and to prevent her screaming, or getting me into trouble, I caught her by the throat, and in the struggle she choked."

There was a painful scene when she was allowed to see her little son for the last time, on the last evening she spent on earth. When he was taken away, her cries and his rang through the prison.

But on the morning of the execution—July 29th—Kate became resigned, and was said to have met the hangman "full of confidence in a happy eternity." She became immortal—in wax at Tussaud's.

But how was it the police were able to go straight to the village of Kilrane, in County Wexford, and arrest Kate Webster?

It was very simple. Kate had forgotten, when she hurried away, to destroy a letter from a relative there, telling her it would be all right for her to go and spend some time in Kilrane.

The writer, of course, did not know why Kate wanted to visit Kilrane; but the police, having read the note, did.

If only Kate had not forgotten that letter which she left in a pocket of a dress hanging in a cupboard at No. 2 Vine Cottages, Park Road, Richmond!

IS Newcombe's Short odd—But true.

The chameleon's 7—8in. tongue is longer than its body.

The heat of the sun is so terrific that a sixpenny piece heated to its temperature would burn up every living thing in Europe.

A fish named the Black Swallower can extend its stomach and accommodate fish many times its own size and weight. The globe fish also can blow itself out to double dimensions, not for digestive purposes, but because it is alarmed by approaching danger.

The apparent changes in the size of the moon is a curious illusion. The human eye sees it always the same size. A sixpence placed nearly seven feet from the eye will just blot out the moon, whether it be of "normal" size or a "harvest" moon.

Several regiments have the Devil's Own as a nickname, including the First Battalion Connaught Rangers, who once served under General Picton, the man who went into action at Waterloo wearing a top-hat.

The bell rung at Lloyd's to obtain silence when a special announcement is to be made is known as the Lutine bell. It was taken from the warship Lutine which in 1799 was wrecked with much treasure aboard.

The Sailor and the Beast

"WE are possibly not giving this matter a fair trial," said Dupin. "The paper is spread out upon a plane surface, but the human throat is cylindrical. Here is a billet of wood, the circumference of which is about that of the throat. Wrap the drawing around it, and try the experiment again."

"I did so, but the difficulty was even more obvious than before. 'This,' I said, 'is the mark of no human hand.'"

"Read now," replied Dupin. "this passage from Cuvier." It was a minute anatomical and generally descriptive account of the large fulvous Ourang-outang of the East Indian Islands. The gigantic stature, the prodigious strength and activity, the wild ferocity, and the imitative propensities of these mammalia are sufficiently well known to all. I understood the full horrors of the murder at once.

"The description of the digits," said I, as I made an end of reading, "is in exact accordance with this drawing. I see that no animal but an Ourang-outang, of the species here mentioned, could have impressed the indentations as you have traced them. This tuft of tawny hair, too, is identical in character with that of the beast of Cuvier. But I cannot possibly comprehend the particulars of this frightful mystery. Besides, there were two voices heard in conten-

tion, and one of them was unquestionably the voice of a Frenchman."

"True; and you will remember an expression attributed almost unanimously, by the evidence, to this voice—the expression 'Mon Dieu!' This, under the circumstances, has been justly characterized by one of the witnesses (Montani, the confectioner) as an expression of remorse or ex-

of this atrocity, this advertisement which I left last night upon our return home at the office of 'Le Monde' (a paper devoted to the shipping interest and much sought by sailors) will bring him to our residence."

He handed me a paper, and I read thus:—

"**CAUGHT.**—In the Bois de Boulogne, early in the morning of the — inst. (the

morning of the murder), a very large, tawny Ourang-outang of the Borneese species. The owner (who is ascertained to be a sailor, belonging to a Maltese vessel) may have the animal again, upon identifying it satisfactorily, and paying a few charges arising from its capture and keeping.

Murders in the Rue Morgue

By
EDGAR ALLAN POE

Part IX

Call at No. —, Rue —, Faubourg St. Germain—au troisième."

"How was it possible," I asked, "that you should know the man to be a sailor, and belonging to a Maltese vessel?"

"I do not know it," said Dupin. "I am not sure of it. Here, however, is a small piece of ribbon, which from its form, and from its greasy appearance, has evidently been used in tying the hair in one of those long queues of which sailors are so fond. Moreover, this knot is one which few besides sailors can tie, and is peculiar to the Maltese. I picked the ribbon up at the foot of the lightning-rod. It could not

sible—in deed, it is far more than probable—that he was innocent of all participation in the bloody transactions which took place. The Ourang-outang may have escaped from him. He may have traced it to the chamber; but, under the agitating circumstances which ensued, he could never have recaptured it. It is still at large.

"I will not pursue these guesses—for I have no right to call them more—since the shades of reflection upon which they are based are scarcely of sufficient depth to be appreciable by my own intellect, and since I could not pretend to make them intelligible to the understanding of another. We will call them guesses, then, and speak of them as such. If the Frenchman in question is indeed, as I suppose, innocent

WANGLING WORDS—229

- 1.—Put a capital city after HE, and make pagans.
- 2.—Rearrange the letters of A THIN LAD, and make an Eastern country.
- 3.—Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: BOIL into SOFT, WEEK into RENT, RIVER into DALES, MAY into DEC.
- 4.—How many 4-letter and 5-letter words can you make from DISCIPLINARIAN?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 228

1. BotherATION.
2. MANDALAY.
3. FIRE, MIRE, MORE, PORE, POKE, COKE, KING, KINE, LINE, LONE, CONE, COLE, BASS, LASS, LESS, LEST, BEST, BEAT, BRAT, BRAG, DRAG, DRUG, DRUM, LATE, HATE, HALE, HALL, FALL, FULL, DULL, DULY, DUTY.
4. More, Moon, Moot, Note, Tone, Rent, Noon, Tree, Morn, Gone, Moor, Room, Omen, Torn, Tern, Germ, Tome, etc. Green, Enter, Merge, Motor, Tenor, Negro, Greet, Genet, etc.

QUIZ for today

1. Furniture is a monk's dining-room, plant, scent-spray, bad temper, part of a hospital, room under a church?
2. Who wrote (a) The First Mrs. Fraser, (b) The Second Mrs. Tanqueray?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Greenfly, Ladybird, Woodlouse, Bluebottle, Gnat, Bee, Wasp, Hoverfly.
4. Where did Sir Richard Grenville lay?
5. Who is the Chief Scout?
6. Who won the Oaks in 1943?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt?—Category, Cathedral, Caucus, Cauldren, Cauterise, Cavetina.
8. What instrument does

- Benny Goodman play?
9. How many people can be Companions of Honour at one time?
10. How many fives appear on a set of dominoes?
11. What is the capital of Costa Rica?
12. Complete the phrases: (a) The wolf from —, (b) The skeleton in —.

Answers to Quiz in No. 273

1. Kind of pottery.
2. (a) Mendelssohn, (b) Rimsky-Korsakov.
3. Beaver is not native to England; others are.
4. Albania, Arabia, Austria.
5. A Pipe-Major.
6. Hog is a pig; hogget is a sheep.
7. Momentum, Moratorium.
8. Charles II.
9. Belize.
10. Reddish-grey.
11. Defence of the Realm Act.
12. Trinidad.

WITH OUR ROVING CAMERAMAN



ON LONDON BRIDGE.

We're telling you it IS London Bridge. All right, we'll confess. It isn't the London Bridge near Billingsgate, after a blitz. It IS the London Bridge—if you'd call it a bridge—in Panama, and the picture was taken in bright sunlight, so, that's why the natives are just "blacks." Of course, they aren't blacks in reality—aw, cut it out and get ahead with the story. But there isn't any story. It's just London Bridge—in Panama!

have belonged to either of the deceased.

"Now, if, after all, I am wrong in my induction from this ribbon, that the Frenchman was a sailor belonging to a Maltese vessel, still I can have done no harm in saying what I did in the advertisement. If I am in error, he will merely suppose that I have been misled by some circumstance into which he will not take the trouble to inquire. But if I am right, a great point is gained.

"Cognisant, although innocent of the murder, the Frenchman will naturally hesitate about replying to the advertisement—about demanding the Ourang-outang. He will reason thus: 'I am innocent; I am poor; my Ourang-outang is of great value—to one in my circumstances a fortune of itself—why should I lose it through idle apprehensions of danger? Here it is within my grasp. It was found in the Bois de Boulogne—at a vast distance from the scene of that butchery.

"How can it ever be suspected that a brute beast should have done the deed? The police are at fault—they have failed to procure the slightest clue. Should they even trace the animal, it would be impossible to prove me cognisant of the murder, or to implicate me in guilt on account of that cognisance. Above all, I am known. The advertiser designates me as the possessor of the beast. I am not sure to what limit his knowledge may extend.

"Should I avoid claiming a property of so great value, which it is known that I possess, I will render the animal at least liable to suspicion. It is not my policy to attract attention either to myself or to the beast. I will answer the advertisement, get the Ourang-outang, and keep it close until this matter has blown over."

At this moment we heard a step upon the stairs.

"Be ready," said Dupin, "with your pistols, but neither use them nor show them until at a signal from myself."

The front door of the house had been left open, and the visitor had entered without ringing, and advanced several steps upon the staircase. Now, however, he seemed to hesitate. Presently we heard him descending. Dupin was moving quickly to the door, when we again heard him coming up. He did not turn back a second time, but stepped up with decision and rapped at the door of our chamber.

"Come in," said Dupin, in a cheerful and hearty tone.

A man entered. He was a sailor, evidently—a tall, stout, and muscular-looking person, with a certain dare-devil expression of countenance, not altogether unprepossessing. His face, greatly sunburnt, was more than half hidden by whisker and mustachio. He had with him a huge oaken cudgel, but appeared to be otherwise unarmed. He bowed awkwardly, and bade us "good evening" in French accents, which, although somewhat Neufchatelish, were still sufficiently indicative of a Parisian origin.

"Sit down, my friend," said Dupin. "I suppose you have called about the Ourang-outang. Upon my word, I almost envy you the possession of him; a remarkably fine and no doubt a very valuable animal. How old do you suppose him to be?"

The sailor drew a long breath, with the air of a man relieved of some intolerable

burden, and then replied in an assured tone:—

"I have no way of telling—but he can't be more than four or five years old. Have you got him here?"

"Oh, no; we had no conveniences for keeping him here. He is at a livery stable in the Rue Dubourg, just by. You can get him in the morning. Of course, you are prepared to identify the property?"

"To be sure I am, sir."

"I shall be sorry to part with him," said Dupin. "I don't mean that you should be at all this trouble for nothing, sir," said the man. "Couldn't expect it. Am very willing to pay a reward for the finding of the animal—that is to say, anything in reason."

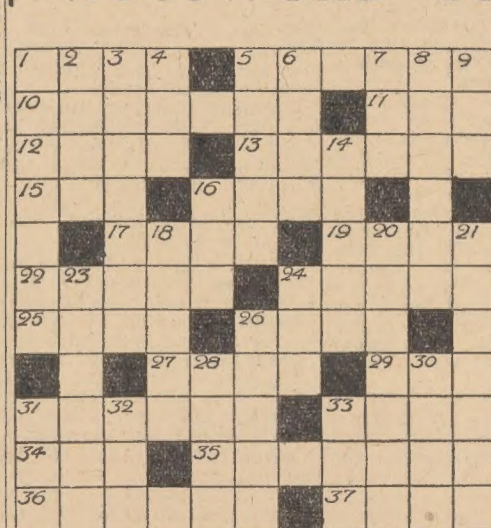
"Well," replied my friend, "that is all very fair, to be sure. Let me think!—what should I have? Oh, I will tell you. My reward shall be this. You shall give me all the information in your power about these murders in the Rue Morgue."

Dupin said the last words in a very low tone, and very quietly. Just as quietly, too, he walked towards the door, locked it, and put the key in his pocket. He then drew a pistol from his bosom and placed it, without the least flurry, upon the table.

(To be continued)

A moment's insight is sometimes worth a life's experience.
Oliver Wendell Holmes.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

1. End of frost.
5. Small wheel.
10. Fundamental.
11. Mimic.
12. Golf club.
13. Subjected to friction.
15. Go.
16. Cricket.
17. Tight.
19. Box.
22. Polishing mineral.
24. Banter.
25. Was conveyed.
26. Bating stroke.
27. Invent.
29. Tilt.
31. Narrow silk band.
33. Taunt.
34. Girl's name.
35. Of pottery.
36. Colloquial eye.
37. Nuisance.

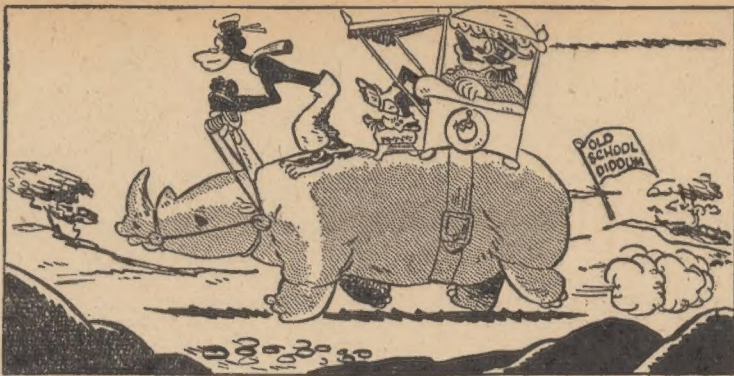
CLUES DOWN.

1. Excursionist.
2. Rodent.
3. Followed.
4. Triumph.
5. Unit of weight.
6. Mineral salt.
7. Small flap.
8. Musical shows.
9. Carmine.
14. Assail.
16. Boy's name.
18. Palm.
20. Recreation.
21. Relation.
23. Reason.
24. Large cask.
26. Drink.
28. As soon as.
30. Stork-like bird.
31. Tear.
32. Cricket score.
33. Empty space.

BACK DOCTOR
ALLAY IRENE
RIOT PLEASE
REVEAL CLEF
ONE CASH T
W NOMINEE R
C VETO DEE
JAPE EBBING
ADORED ETNA
WELDS STOUR
STOCKS ARID



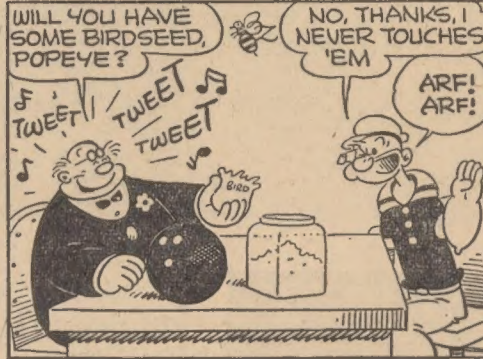
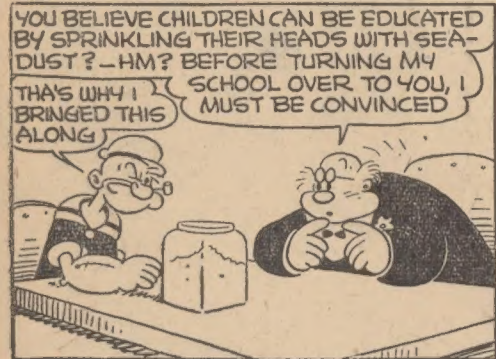
BEELEZEBUB JONES



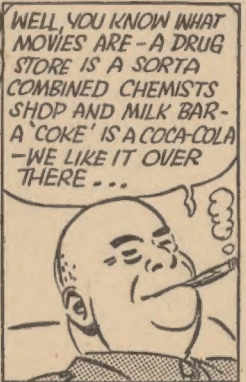
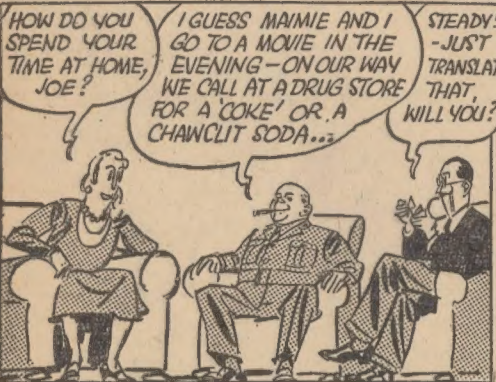
BELINDA



POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Just Fancy—

By Odo Drew

SERVICES GOSSIP.

LUNCHING the other day with my old friend, General Sir Frayde Edges, known to the Services as "Curry," we were discussing the situation on the Eastern front.

He told me that at the beginning of the Russian summer offensive—in view of all the rivers that the Red Army would have to cross before it hunted the Germans out of Russia—he had sent to Marshal Stalin a long report on his personal experiences at the crossing of the Tugela River during the Boer War, when, it will be remembered, General Buller was endeavouring to relieve Ladysmith.

He had thought ("Curry" told me) that the advice of a practical man might be of some help.

There is no doubt that he now feels a sense of pride in the rapid advance of the Soviet forces, as, without any lack of modesty, he can claim that Marshal Stalin's acceptance of advice from an old Regular has proved of the greatest benefit.

"Youth and vigour are all very well in their way," said "Curry," "and I should be the last to deny it. I was young myself not so long ago." (He is a very active 85 to-day.) "But lack of years does not compensate for lack of experience. I well remember Field Marshal Lord Wolseley once saying to me—"

But I must leave that story for another time.

STROLLING across the Park this morning on my way to the office, I ran into Admiral Sir Whopping Oyster, whom most folk know as "Blue Point."

B.P. and I were at Dartmouth together, but our ways parted when he went to China and I went to Peru.

I left him under the Admiralty Arch, after promising to spend a week-end with him at Whitstable Towers, the ancestral home of the Oysters, as soon as I have a couple of spare days.

He gave me a lot of information which I must not repeat, but I do not think I shall be betraying a confidence if I say that informed opinion believes that there will be changes at the Admiralty before the next decade is out.

Quite a number of the present "high-ups" will, it is whispered, have left within the next ten or fifteen years.

Well, well, "tempora mutantur," as B.P. said when he turned smartly and walked straight into the barbed wire under the Arch.

His comment on the mishap, incidentally, reminds me of what Lord Ch...s B... said when I was a young lieutenant in "Ramillies" and one of my sock-suspenders dropped in front of His Lordship on His Lordship's own quarter-deck.

Neither Lord Ch...s nor B.P. could be called masters of understatement.

STROLLING into the Sahibs Club last night, who should greet me but Air Marshal Sir Allover FitzAnstars, affectionately called St. Vitus by the R.A.F.

I had not seen him since 1911, when we shared the same punka-walla in Poona.

"Hullo, Drew, you old basket," he shouted, greatly to the surprise of the Bolivian Ambassador, who was playing shove-halfpenny with the Nicaraguan Charge d'Affaires, who had, by the way, just returned from an official visit to Greenland (or was it Greenwich?).

Over a bottle of Soir de Paris, 1906—we still have a cellar in the Sahibs—I was given the low-down on future air strategy.

Obviously I cannot reveal what was told me on this subject, but I think I may say that if you knew what I know you would be as wise, or, possibly, no wiser than I.

It may interest you to know that there are several new types of machines which will be leaving the blue-print stage shortly; and some changes in the R.A.F. High Command may be expected, probably within the next three or four years.

So don't be surprised when they do come along.

And, if my old friend is right, he may himself soon be back on the active list. Incidentally, he knows as much about biplanes as any man still alive.

AUNT FANNY.

WE regret (or should it be, we are glad?) that the statement about the death of Aunt Fanny was incorrect. It will be remembered that her body was discovered on the floor of her lonely shieling. But what was thought to be death was only a state of coma.

Apparently, she had been visited the evening before by an old friend and neighbour, Donal MacMiomac, who had brought along a gallon of real home-made.

Aunt Fanny revived three days afterwards; but Donal was found with a broken neck at the foot of Ben Crevice. So Aunt Fanny will definitely take up her correspondence column as soon as she ceases seeing double.

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.



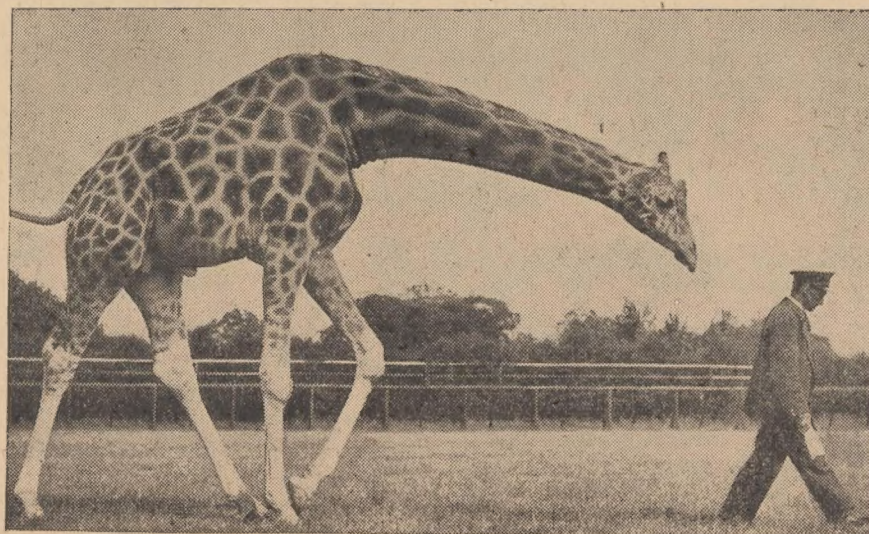
"Hmm. I'm O.K. when he wants to walk alone, but when SHE comes, he doesn't want me."

This England

Dear Old Sussex by the sea. "Jack and Jill," the famous old mills on the South Downs at Clayton Hill.



Columbia star, Janet Blair, gets "warmed up" before going into the swim pool.



Say, brother, what's the game? You're giving me a pain in the neck walkin' around after that spot of milk.

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Another inch and its MINE."



LEARNING TO BE AN ORATOR

Looks like that anyway, but actually he's admiring his own "handywork" in the school nursery bathroom.